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in particular on his own brother, "who was seized with a violent pain in the head and back; Mr. Greatracks (coming by accident to the house) gave present ease to his head, by only stroaking it with his hands. He then fell to rub his back, which he most complained of; but the pain immediately fled from his hand to his right thigh; then he pursued it with his hand to his knee, from thence to his leg, ankle and foot, and at last to his great toe. As it fell lower it grew more violent, and when in his toe it made him roar out, but upon rubbing it there, it vanished." He also gives another instance of his uncle's daughter, "who was seized when a girl, with a great pain and weakness in her knees, which occasioned a white swelling; this followed her for several years, and having used divers means to no effect, after six or seven years time, Mr. Greatracks coming to Dublin, she was brought to him. He stroaked both her knees, and gave her present ease, the pain flying downwards from his hand, till he drove it out of her toes, and the swelling in a short time wore away and never troubled her after."

I do not find any record of how long Mr. Greatracks remained in England; he was in Dublin in the year 1681, but how long he lived afterwards is uncertain; his family, I believe, is not now resident in the County Waterford. A writer in Blackwood's Magazine, if I recollect aright, says, "that to a Mr. Greatracks, a descendant of his, some have attributed the *honour* of being the author of Junius's Letters." R. Y.

P.S. A number of certificates of cures follow the treatise of Mr. Greatracks, signed by the most respectable, pious, and learned men in England; amongst which, besides the above-named Robert Boyle, are Bishop Rust; Cudworth, author of the "Intellectual System;" Dr. Whichcot; Dr. Wilkins; Dr. Simon Patrick; the Countess of Devonshire, &c. &c. As one of the best testimonials of the probity and powers of this extraordinary man, it may be well to give, from the Rawdon Papers, the following extract of a letter from Lord Conway to Sir George Rawdon:—

"Dear Brother,

"I have received yours of the 29th January, but the former letter therein mentioned to have been written to me on your coming to Dublin, is not yet come to my hands. Mr. Greatracks hath been here a fortnight tomorrow, and my wife is not the better for him; very few others have failed under his hands, of many hundreds that he hath touched in these parts. I must confess that before his arrival, I did not believe the tenth-part of those things which I have been an eye-witness of, and several others of as accurate judgment as any in this kingdom, who are come hither out of curiosity, do acknowledge the truth of his operations. This morning the Bishop of Gloucester recommended to me a prebend's son in his diocese, to be brought to him for a leprosy from head to foot, which hath been judged incurable above ten years, and in my chamber he cured him perfectly; that is, from a moist humor, 'twas immediately dried up, and began to fall off; the itching was quite gone, and the heat of it taken away. The youth was transported to admiration. The dean saw this as well as myself, but it is not the hundredth part, and I am confident at the least of forty that we have seen, among which are many pleasant passages done purposely to satisfy our curiosity and experience. So that I wonder he had not a greater esteem in Ireland; but after all this I am far from thinking them miracles, or that his cures are at all miraculous: but I believe it is by a *sanative virtue* and a *natural efficiency*, which extends not to all diseases, but is much more proper and effectual to some than to others, as he doth also dispatch some with a great deal of ease, and others not without a great deal of pains. This inclosed is a letter of his to his wife, which I desire may be sent carefully to her; and as to his concernments in Ireland, I fear he doth not mind them so well as he ought to do; probably Sir Thomas Stanley may inform you how they stand, and if you can do him any service, I shall take it extremely kindly, for he takes a great deal of pains about my wife, and is very affectionate to do all that lies in his power. I had a letter also from my brother Francis. I am confident Mr. Greatracks would recover him, or the Bishop of Down, for I do pretty well know what distempers he can cure, and he cannot.

"So I rest your's, &c.

Ragley, "Conway."

9, *February,* 1665.

DIE NEUJAHRSNACHT EINES UNGLUECKLICHEN.

THE NEW-YEAR'S-NIGHT OF AN UNFORTUNATE MAN.

(From the Prose of Jean Paul Richter.)

In the lone stillness of the New-year's-night,
An old man at his window stood, and turned
His dull eyes to the firmament, where, bright
And pure, a million rolling planets burned;
Then cast them on the earth, so cold and white;
And felt, that moment, that of all who mourned
And groaned upon its bosom, none there were
With his deep wretchedness and great despair.

For near him lay his grave!—hidden from view,
Not by the flowers of Youth, but by the snows
Of age alone. In torturing thought he flew
Over the past, and on his memory rose
That picture of his life which conscience drew,
With all its fruits—diseases, sins, and woes—
A worn-out frame—a blighted soul—dark years
Of agony, remorse, and withering fears!

Like spectral things, his bright young days came back,
And that cross-road of life where, when a boy,
His father placed him first: its right-hand track
Leads to a land of glory, peace and joy;
Its left to wildernesses waste and black,
Where snakes and plagues and poisonous blasts destroy.
Which had been his? Alas! the serpents hung
Coiled round his heart—their venom on his tongue!

Sunk in unutterable grief, he cried—
"Come back, my vanished youth! Oh, God! restore
My morn of life! Oh, Father! be my guide,
And let me only choose my path once more!"
But on the wide waste air his ravings died
Away, and all was silent as before.
His youth had glided by, swift as the wave;
His father came not—he was in his grave.

Wild lights flashed flickering by: a star was falling;
Down to the miry marsh he saw it rush.
"Like me!" he said, and oh! the thought was galling;
And hot and heart-wrung tears began to gush:
Sleepwalkers crossed his eyes in shapes appalling;
Huge windmills lifted up their arms to crush—
And skeleton faces rose up from the dim
Depths of the charnel-house, and glared on him!

Amid these overboiling bursts of feeling,
Rich music, heralding the young year's birth,
Rolled from a distant steeple, like the pealing
Of some celestial organ o'er the earth.
Softer emotions o'er him now came stealing;
He felt the soul's unpurchasable worth.
"Return!" he cried again, imploringly,
"Oh! my lost youth—return, return to me!"

And youth returned, and age withdrew its terrors;
Still was he young, for he had dreamed the whole,
But faithful is the image conscience mirrors,
When whirlwind passions darken not the soul.
Alas! too real were his sins and errors,
Too truly had he made this earth his goal:
He wept, and thanked his God that, with the will,
He had the power to choose the right path still.

* * * * * * * * *

Here, youthful reader, ponder!—and if thou,
Like him, art reeling over the abyss,
And shakest off sin's iron trammels now,
This ghastly dream may be thy guide to bliss.
But should age once be written on thy brow,
Its wrinkles will not be a dream like this:
Vainly thy tears may flow above the urn
Of thy departed youth—it never will return!

Clarence.